THE
NATION

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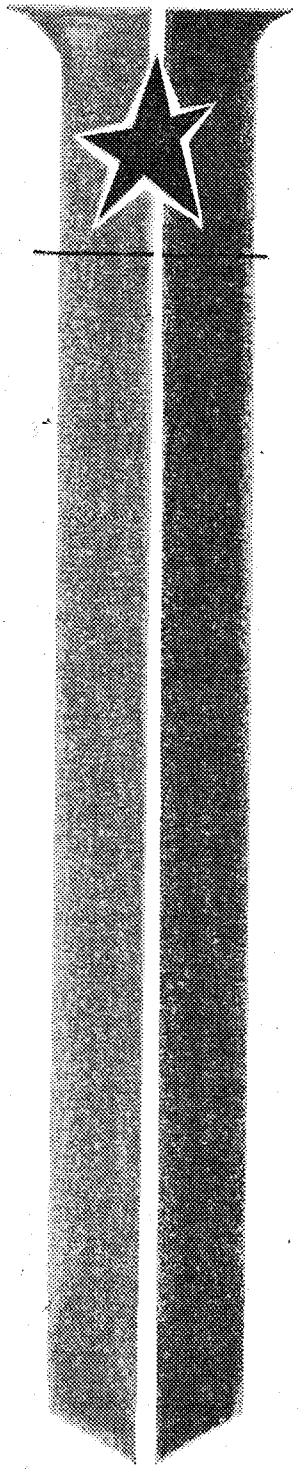

CHEATING YOUR WAY THROUGH COLLEGE

William Graham Cole

South Korea and Turkey

BACKDROPS TO CRISIS

Jay Lefer • *Frederick W. Frey*

GENETICS and SUBVERSION

Sidelight on Un-American Activities

Ronald W. May

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LETTERS

Approaches to Peace

Dear Sirs: Your editorial of February 6, entitled "The Candidates and a Politics of Peace," treats with some of the most important issues before this country. In fact, the challenge of peace and disarmament is the most important.

This country must assume the leadership in a continuous effort to attain permanent world peace, with justice and freedom. As a necessary step toward this goal, mutual disarmament agreements with as violation-proof inspection and controls as practicable must be negotiated.

It is realistic to recognize that these mutual agreements can be arrived at only if we approach the negotiation table from a position of relative strength. Our superior relative strength must be across-the-board: military, economic, psychological and moral. We dare not concede an advantage to the Communists in any one of those respects.

We have the intelligence, the resources, the skills, and above all the faith, to have and maintain such superiority. But mere possession of such assets is not enough. We must use them, with leadership and vigor.

STUART SYMINGTON
U.S.S. (Missouri)

Washington, D.C.

Dear Sirs: I quite agree with *The Nation's* editorial of February 6 ("The Candidates and a Politics of Peace") that the issue of peace transcends all other issues in the coming election. I think also that foreign and domestic policies are inseparable and that a reactionary approach to our domestic problems is likely to vitiate our policy abroad.

The success of that policy depends on the intelligence with which we (a) work out a meaningful halt in the arms race and a basis for living with the USSR, its satellites and allies; (b) strengthen the international machinery for maintaining peace even in a relatively disarmed world; (c) bring the economically backward parts of the world into the twentieth century.

The sheer hazard of modern weapons, plus dissipation of the atmosphere of hysteria which plagued us during the McCarthey-Stalin era, make meaningful negotiation about armaments possible before it is too late. With this, the slow, painful job of reducing frictions with the Communist world may start. Small beginnings have already been made that surely would not have been possible when leading Republicans were finding the State Department infested with Communists and the Democratic Party verging on treason. With this, too, it becomes possible to think practically about strengthening international peace machinery. . . .

I hasten to add that I comment on your editorial not as a Presidential candidate, but as one who aspires to provide progressive leadership right here in California, where fifteen million people in one of our great states have a unique opportunity to reach out and understand the human stirrings in the Pacific basin, of which we are an inseparable part.

EDMUND G. BROWN
Governor of California

Sacramento, Calif.

Everyone's America

Dear Sirs: As a Negro college student, I believe that I share the convictions of my fellow Negro college Americans, when we take the lead against discrimination which our elders have left untouched.

We Negro students claim for ourselves every single right that belongs to a freeborn American citizen. Until we obtain these political, civil and social rights, we will never cease to protest. Is America not our land? Have we Negroes not helped to build it, and bled for it, too? Does not our toil and tears of three hundred years sanctify its soil? It is here that we stand and stay and succeed!

EDWARD B. KING, JR.
Co-Chairman, Dormitory Council
Kentucky State College

Frankfort, Ky.

Corrections Noted

Dear Sirs: As a member of the *Bund Nationaler Studenten,* a West German student society, who is now studying at the University of Indiana, I would like to comment on the article, "Neo-Nazism on the March," by Heinz Pol, which appeared in your April 9 issue.

1. Our newspaper is not called *Studentenvolk,* but *Student im Volk.* Our group only advocates unification of Germany before unification of Europe.

2. The *Bund* does not have 2,000 members as stated; at most, it has 1,000.

3. Herr Suendermann, who was second to Goebbels in Hitler's Propaganda Ministry, appeared as an invited guest speaker before our group only once.

4. Willi Schlamm, who preaches a war of aggression against Germany's Eastern neighbors, never spoke before our group, although he did appear before the government supported *Ring Christlich-Demokratischer Studenten,* another student society.

WOLFRAM OSTERTAG

Bloomington, Ind.

Germ-Gas Warfare

Dear Sirs: I would like to comment on John Barden's article, "Germ-Gas Warfare" [*The Nation,* April 30], lest your readers obtain the feeling that research in these fields has the approval of most biological scientists. It does not. . . . Prof. Paul Weiss let the cat out of the bag when he said, as quoted, "We must convince the scientific community that

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 14, 1960
VOLUME 190, No. 20

THE NATION

EDITORIALS

Quiet on the Potomac

As an old soldier may return to Omaha Beach to look at the girls and bask in the sun where, on June 6, 1944, bloody carnage held sway, so may the veteran of the budget wars now take his ease at the Pentagon. What a difference between January and May! And unlike the invasion of Normandy, one can count on the recurrence of this drama every year, so that, come next January, the Air Force, Navy and Army (and don't forget the Marines) will once more be locked in mortal combat, and their respective allies in the Congress will be dying alongside their adding machines, all in a gallant effort to make a paltry $46 billion do when the national defense clearly requires at least double that figure (or double any figure you care to name). Yes, as long as the earth spins in its present orbit, each January will see the splendid national spectacle of the battle of the military budget, which puts to shame all the minor conflicts of race, ideology and glory that fever the world. The missiles will be fired from sea, land and air and all the launchings will be successful, the war games will be played, the theorems and arguments will be deployed, and finally the admirals and generals will depart, each with his appropriation, and the Department of Defense will again stand as one man against the foreign foe.

All this may be taken for granted, but it calls for feats of semantics of which the general public gets only a faint echo in the headlines. Who remembers the missile gap now? Massive deterrence at points of our own choosing? Finite deterrence strategy? Counterforce strategy? Limited-war strategy? All have been superseded and slumber in their combination-locked four-drawer filing cabinets, awaiting the Resurrection Day, which will be when the next Congress convenes and the cupboard is bare. Till then, peace has been made among the embattled services with the help of high thoughts and potent words, among which the "mixed-force concept" has a worthy place, supplanting the obsolete missile gap.

In lay language, the mixed-force concept means that everybody got some of the taxpayers' money, although hardly anybody got as much as he asked for. It means that now the Air Force agrees, within itself, that both missiles and bombers strike fear into the hearts of the beastly Muscovites and will keep them at bay for another seven months. An even more powerful concept is that of pre-emptive war, which must not be confused with preventive war — that has been shelved with the missile gap. The layman can easily distinguish pre-emptive from preventive wars by the presence of the hyphen. Another difference is that in pre-emptive war you don't just annihilate the enemy out of hand, but neither do you wait for him to strike the first blow and partially annihilate you. Instead, you sit at the red telephone until a call comes through from Allen Dulles saying that the enemy is preparing to strike. Then, with your bombers in the air and your missiles poised, you radio to the enemy (we don't have the exact words, but this is the gist of it): we know what you are up to, and we are going to strike first. If he gets down on his knees, you may spare him. If not, well, he asked for it. You have won the pre-emptive war. And you didn't even have to ask Congress for a formal proclamation — you don't need to think about Congress at all until next January.

The Man for You Is . . .

This year each party has evinced a surprising eagerness to be of assistance to the other in the selection of nominees. Vice President Nixon and his supporters have missed few opportunities to point out the merits of Senator Kennedy to the Democrats. On the other hand, scarcely a week goes by in which some prominent Democrat fails to address an eloquent curbstone or luncheon-club plea to the Republicans to nominate the admirable, the brilliant, the adorable Republican Governor of New York.

How is one to account for this curious outburst of inter-party solicitude which finds Democrats trying to assist Republicans and Republicans trying to assist Democrats in the selection of "the strongest possible nominee"? The Republican passion for Senator Kennedy is obviously based on the theory that however formidable he may be as a pre-convention candidate,

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he would be a weak nominee for the Democrats. In their eagerness to keep Senator Kennedy's stock high, Republican pundits offer the explanation that it was only the presence of two "eccentric" rivals in the Democratic primary in Indiana that caused the Senator's popular vote to fall below that which Mr. Nixon received. But the size of the vote polled by the two "eccentric" rivals — 80,000, or roughly a third of the vote registered by Senator Kennedy — would indicate that a good many Democrats do not regard the Senator's candidacy as highly as do the Republicans.

The Democratic preference for Governor Rockefeller is not so simply explained. If Vice President Nixon is the "patsy" that so many Democrats have said that he is, then why should prominent Democrats — Senator Gore most recently — continue to urge the Republicans to nominate Mr. Rockefeller? Is it that, after studying the results of the primaries in New Hampshire, Wisconsin and Indiana, they have concluded that Mr. Nixon is stronger than they had imagined? Is it that they want to create mischief for the Republicans by pointing to the fine candidate the party leaders have by-passed? Or could it be that the Democrats, knowing Mr. Nixon as they do, have placed country above party in urging the Republicans to nominate Rockefeller?

However similar the behavior of both parties in their contributions to this mutual admiration society, there is this difference: one has the feeling that the Democrats might like to nominate Gov. Rockefeller themselves, whereas the Republicans merely want the Democrats to nominate Senator Kennedy.

The Value of Chessman

The State of California has had its way with Caryl Chessman, and the Hearst papers were much pleased with him at the end, for it was through a girl reporter of the Hearst staff that the condemned man sent his last message to the outside world. Justice was done. But at the end even some of the Californians who believe in an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, a life for a life (but Chessman had taken no life), must have had qualms. The Chessman killed by the state was not the Chessman who committed the crime, for twelve years had elapsed and the later Chessman exhibited a variety of talents, and even sensitivities, that could not have been suspected in the earlier Chessman. Where are those talents now? Since he had himself reduced to ashes, presumably they are in the ashes, but what analysis will track them down? Was there not something loathsome about the "just" act of the State of California, then? And, also, was not this act uneconomic? Suppose, instead of using prussic acid, the state had elected to have Chessman hit over the head and ground up for pet food? At least $70 could have been realized. The very chemicals in his body might have been worth $1.98. But the ashes to which he was finally reduced are not even of good quality as human ashes go, for, according to the press, Forest Lawn Memorial Park, where Chessman wished to lie beside his mother, rejected these ashes, regarding them, presumably, as unworthy of space in the cemetery of the movie stars. It was a final example of humanism and magnanimity quite in keeping with all that went before.

Week-End Warriors

Nobody pays much attention to military waste: it is taken for granted. The *Wall Street Journal*, which does some of the best serious reporting in the country, had a long story on the subject on May 2. The out-and-out waste is estimated at over $2 billion a year. The Army refuses to sell a $40 million, 72-acre piece of Hawaii's Waikiki Beach; the soldiers must have it for swimming and sun-bathing. The San Francisco area has four military hospitals with a total capacity of 5,235 beds, of which fewer than 2,850 are in use; another inactive 775-bed hospital is nearby, yet the Army and Navy are proposing to replace two of the four existing hospitals. The Air Force base at Bitberg, West Germany, ordered 300 footlockers from the quartermaster depot at Philadelphia; the depot read 300 as 30,000. Depot personnel could have looked up the number of men at the Bitberg base — 400 — but they politely sent 30,000 footlockers at a shipping cost of $100,000. The services own land and buildings that cost $33 billion to acquire; they add about $2 billion worth a year, and give up practically nothing. If one of the services fortuitously tries to dismantle a base, the local merchants and the American Legion scream murder and the Congressmen from the district usually see to it that the idea is given up.

The *Wall Street Journal's* exposé, like others before it, will elicit a few clucks of disapproval and be forgotten. But one thing is discussed of which even the Air Force is slightly ashamed. Before World War II, the then Air Corps of the Army demanded extra compensation for flying personnel, on the ground of extra hazard, and got it. When the United States entered the war and everybody in combat had to take his chances, the Air Force held on to its flight pay, apparently on the basis that to be killed on land or sea was not comparable to getting it in an airplane. The Air Force took over this juicy emolument from the Air Corps. Now an airman saves the country at his desk all month long, he may forget what day of the week it is, or whether he is married or single, but he won't forget to put in the four hours of flying time required to get his bonus. As the Air Force switches to missiles, which have the disadvantage that airmen can't ride on them, 110,000 Air Force pilots, navigators, bombardiers and others still collect some $200 million a year in flight pay. Many are taking jet training so that when no propeller-driven

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aircraft remain available, they will still be in the money. They are joined by thousands of reservists and Air National Guardsmen, for whom whole airports are kept in service that they may save the nation every weekend when the weather is good.

Does anyone dream of abolishing this racket? The government is, indeed, pondering a remedy. Not to end flying pay — perish the thought! — but there is the added expense of maintaining, repairing and servicing the airplanes the men must use to draw their bonuses, the risk to the airlines when the hot pilots cross their routes, and some other disadvantages. The government's best thought is to pay without flight, and at least save the expense of the aircraft. In civil life this would be called featherbedding.

The Next Civil-Defense Drill

Several years ago, Dorothy Day and Ammon Hennacy of the *Catholic Worker*, with a few of their colleagues, inaugurated the custom of refusing to take cover when the air-raid sirens sounded. The site where Miss Day and Mr. Hennacy invited symbolic immolation was City Hall Park in New York. After serving a jail sentence or two, they were joined by a housewife with three children and some other conscientious objectors. At the last civil-defense drill (May 3), Miss Day and Mr. Hennacy did not suffer the pangs of loneliness. Some 700 persons stood their ground in City Hall Park. The police were not overzealous in their pursuit of these hardened criminals. Only three of the police buses, which New Yorkers call "patrol wagons," were on hand and at the most there was room in them for 5 per cent of the crowd. Not even approached by the police were Miss Day and Mr. Hennacy who, as charter members, certainly had a claim to bus seats. Other defiant ones who went unwhipped by justice were Kay Boyle, Norman Mailer, Dwight MacDonald and A. J. Muste. Their only punishment was that they were among the 3,935,490 persons in metropolitan New York who were hypothetically killed by blast and heat, or who died later of radiation. In contrast, a hundred law-abiding citizens in the men's bar of the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel escaped unharmed, the bar having been officially designated as a shelter and, it may be added, a very comfortable one. Among other survivors were the spectators at the Yankee Stadium, who were directed to seek shelter under the bleachers. Not one was hurt, which suggests that bleachers may be the answer to the shelter problem.

The police, however, must be doing some thinking about the next exercise. They will have no trouble with the lovers of the national sport, nor with the habitués of the men's bar at the Waldorf (nor at the Biltmore, either). But City Hall will swarm with conscientious objectors, anarchists and persons attracted by the literary lights who seem to frequent such gatherings. After all, where else could a New Yorker get Norman Mailer's autograph? There may also be a certain number of Americans who resent being pushed around, perhaps some, even, who have read that none of the other freedom-loving nations have air-raid drills. It is perhaps too much to expect that there will be 100,000 New Yorkers to match the Britishers who crowded into Trafalgar Square at the end of the Aldermaston march, but that the New York cops are going to need more than three paddy wagons can be confidently predicted.

Fallen Bastions

When an overseas "bastion" of freedom falls, his name is stricken from the roster of American heroes with a suddenness and a degree of unanimity that is truly startling. Forgotten by the press are the years of praise, of glowing tributes, of flattering profiles and biographies, of inspired editorials that went into the making of the hero's public image. Syngman Rhee, for example, must be shocked to discover how quickly the American press has reversed its opinion of him. Not so long ago, notes Mr. James Cameron, foreign editor of the London *News Chronicle* (he was once ousted from South Korea on the personal order of Rhee), "It was unfashionable and indeed hazardous to point out that Rhee was in fact a cruel and arrogant oligarch who was dead certain one day to end up behind the barricades. . . . In those days South Korea was 'a bastion of the free world' and Syngman Rhee was 'a stalwart of democracy'; though anyone who knew either it or him sometimes wondered if words had lost their meaning."

Other "bastions" will fall, other heroes will be discarded. That the South Korean elections were rigged, we all now know, because the entire American press concedes the fact. But the press has not headlined the facts which Representative William Meyer of Vermont called to the attention of his colleagues at the opening of a recent day's deliberations in the House:

> Our press frequently refers to Formosa as a bastion of freedom in the Far East, but this is what happened in the recent election of Nationalist China:
>
> First: President Chiang Kai-shek was the only candidate allowed on the ballot.
>
> Second: The constitution was suspended for one day because it forbade a third term.
>
> Third: The only way electors could vote against Chiang was to cast a blank ballot and so they were thrown out as invalid.
>
> Fourth: 85 per cent of the Formosans are native Taiwanese, but they were allotted only 2 per cent of the electoral votes.
>
> We have seen the results in South Korea of straying too far from professions of some form of democratic process. . . . We cannot justify that which is wrong on the grounds of expediency.

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Cheating Your Way Through College .. *William Graham Cole*

THE GROVES of Academe across the country are currently being tossed about by a tempest of impressive force. The trouble began with the revelation that the television quiz shows were rigged; the integrity of one celebrated egghead was the first casualty of a storm which has grown steadily to virtual hurricane proportions. Today the evidence is widespread that cheating goes on in colleges and universities in all parts of the nation. And it isn't only routine tests and examinations that are involved; ingenious entrepreneurs are doing a lively business ghost-writing term papers and even Ph.D. theses. We have long been accustomed to the fact that political figures read speeches written by others, but there is a general conviction that a man's sheepskin credentials should be his own. The diploma certifying one's academic achievement, whether as a Bachelor of Arts or as a Doctor of Philosophy, has been traditionally regarded as a prize won by blood, sweat and midnight oil. If the cost can now be translated into ingeniously designed crib-notes, skillfully furtive peeks, or even cold cash, then indeed the question may be raised: what is higher education worth?

Now, it is deceptively easy to be blown away by the gale, to fulminate eloquently about the decay of national morality, to see in this alarming phenomenon one more sign of the troubled times. *"O tempora! O mores!"* The situation demands some caution, however, for no one can be certain how recent is the phenomenon of academic dishonesty, nor how much more prevalent it is today than in previous eras. Clearly there is more cheating today, but equally clearly there are more schools, more students and more tests. The question is one of proportion. In any case, little is gained by a rush to the wailing wall, however emotionally purging that may be. What is called for rather is a sober attempt to analyze the sources of the problem and to discover some viable solutions.

First of the factors that require a long, long look is the heavy emphasis placed throughout American education on grades. Admission to college and university today requires, more than ever before, a record liberally sprinkled with As and Bs. The graduate schools, becoming increasingly selective, also place a high premium on the marks received in college. This means that as the student climbs the academic stairway, he finds at each successive level a sign reading "Reserved for those with good grades." Thus, if he is not content to abandon his ascent, he must produce his passport.

BUT WHY MUST he cheat? Why should he not earn his marks by hard work? Of course, the answer is that many do, perhaps even the majority. But there is evidently a sizable minority who take the easier, less virtuous way, and when some do and get away with it, the incentive to hard work is perceptibly weakened. *Besides, it is the final mark received in the course, not what one has learned, that is really important.* The academic community rewards the A-earners, however little of their learning they may retain or use, while it disapproves and may even separate the C- and D-earners, no matter how much of lasting and pragmatic value the latter have derived from their studies. And every institution of learning has teachers who play favorites, who discriminate in favor of students who flatter and agree while penalizing those who are personally indifferent and intellectually independent. Learning, then, becomes a game which must be played with skill, gaining aptitude in the arts of "one upmanship."

The curriculum is the means to an end rather than an end in itself—not only in the structure of the grading system, but in the culture as a whole. One of the facts of life early transmitted to the child in a home whose sights are set on the higher levels of success is the necessity of a college degree. The diploma is a work-permit, a ladder to be climbed to profit and prestige. The process may be dull, the experience itself unrewarding, the years empty and routine. Never mind, the pay-off comes later. And not so much in the fact that the graduate is necessarily better informed or more sensitive and aware than his less-educated competitors; it is simply that he possesses those magic letters after his name. *Ergo*, on to college! — there to have as much fun as possible, to major in social activities and athletics, to gain experience in manipulating and influencing people (including professors), to acquire the grades necessary for graduation or for admission to professional school, but with as little involvement as possible in the life of the mind, in the excitement of ideas for their own sake.

America as a civilization has never displayed high regard for the intellectual, for the pursuit of learning as an end in itself. American education has always been more or less vocational. Our earliest colleges were tooled up to produce clergymen, doctors and teachers. We could not afford the luxury of a landed gentry with the wealth and leisure prerequisite to a life of letters. We have been traditionally a nation of doers, not thinkers. The highest places on the totem pole of prestige have been reserved for the businessman, the industrialist, the engineer and the banker. The egghead has occupied the lower echelons. Since the Soviet Union crossed the barrier into the space age, the scientist has enjoyed rapid elevation—primarily for his contributions to technology, not for his explorations into the unknown. Applied research has incalculably greater financial support, laboratory facilities and trained personnel at its command than the humbler basic research. Education is of value as an instrument to mold persons and things; it has little market for its own noncommercial self.

THESE FACTORS represent the backdrop against which the sordid drama of cheating on the campus is acted out, and any solutions to the problem must face them squarely.

WILLIAM GRAHAM COLE is Chairman of the Department of Religion and Dean of Freshmen at Williams College.

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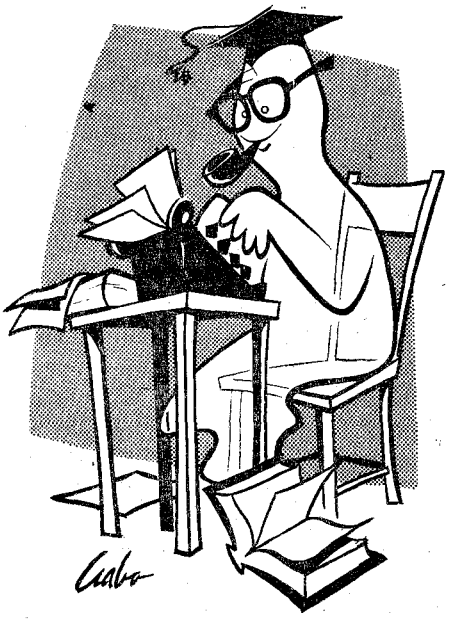
Sermonettes on moral uplift and the importance of integrity will be of little value against the far more powerful structure of academic attitudes and practices. Many institutions of higher learning make use of an honor system with varying degrees of success. On some campuses, the system functions extraordinarily well, and the reason seems to be more a matter of mores than of morals. It is not that these students are more honest or upright than their peers at other colleges. Rather, the prevailing climate simply renders cheating a thing that is not done. It is not acceptable to the community and therefore the individual is unwilling to risk the personal rejection involved (though he might be willing to risk *official* censure and even expulsion). The *sine qua non* of an effective honor system, therefore, is an atmosphere of wholehearted acceptance by the student body—an atmosphere so unmistakable that the newcomer recognizes it at once—that here no one cheats.

This method, while it eliminates academic dishonesty, obviously does not deal with the deeper *malaise* of the educational system. The emphasis on grades remains, and the degree is still primarily the means to another and more important goal.

OTHER colleges protect themselves by a system of rigidly and carefully proctored tests and examinations. A survey of editorials and articles in campus newspapers across the country makes one suspicious as to just how effective these measures are. The students themselves admit that cheating goes on, and the tighter the screen of security erected by the faculty, the more ingenious become the cloak-and-dagger aptitudes of the students. This is not to say that proctoring is totally ineffectual. In some areas, it is probably 100 per cent effective; in others, only a minority successfully elude its watchful eye. But its over-all impact is simply to underline the basic importance of grades and to intensify the rivalry between the teacher and the taught.

What seems to the present writer a more desirable and viable solution is to fix attention on the basic sources of campus dishonesty, rather than to concentrate upon symptoms and ways to suppress them. (What follows may appear visionary, even radical, to heads older and wiser than mine, but these are times which call for courage and for some new thinking.) The first ingredient in the prescription to cure the disease is our willingness to ask a basic question: What is education for? Somehow, some fundamental reexamination must take place so that students will realize that, when they cheat, they are actually harming no one more than themselves. The Ph.D. who pays to have his thesis written for him is robbing himself of the discipline, the experience and the satisfaction of an independent piece of research. The undergraduate who relies on crib-notes instead of careful preparation has cheated his parents, who have paid for his education; he has cheated himself, for he has learned nothing. He has not really cheated either his teacher or the university, neither of whom is seriously damaged. Even his peers, who may find themselves with somewhat lower grades, are not in the long run damaged. They have learned something; the cheater has not.

But how to teach such an understanding? In the first place, by doing something drastic about the whole grading system, which not only is a sheepskin curtain blocking effective communication and cooperation between teacher and student, but a misdirection of the entire academic enterprise. It is not the A for which we want students to work, but rather for what that letter represents: comprehension, imagination, skill, sympathy, diligence. This almost every faculty member knows very well, but it is poorly projected to those who sit on the opposite side of the desk, the more especially when so many tests are "objective," graded by machine, requiring little thought or originality. To be sure, this is the easiest type to mark and it reduces to a minimum the teacher's subjective biases. But such a test is a deadly bore for the student and, incidentally, is the easiest kind to cheat one's way through.



WHY should it not be possible for American education to adopt the tutorial system so long effective in Britain, where the teacher works together with the student preparing for an examination which someone else will give? The examination is of the comprehensive type, virtually impervious to cheating. It is not a trap for the student to reveal how little he knows. It is rather an opportunity for him to show what he can do. Mere rote mastery of facts will get him nowhere. He is asked to display his ability to reason, to relate, to react. It is the sort of examination which is fun for any student worthy of the name. It would be perfectly possible to give such a test "open-book" fashion, allowing the examinees to bring into the room any materials they like, since the material would be of little use anyway. This is the best way to deal with cheating—to make it impractical by making it undesirable to the student himself. At this point, it should be said in fairness to at least segments of American education that many teachers are regularly giving "open-book" exams, and almost invariably students find them a stimulating challenge.

But a change in grading system, in type of examination, in student-teacher relationship, is mere mechanical manipulation. More fundamental is the student's attitude toward education itself. American education, by and large, produces a maximum of passivity; students do not so much *learn* anything as they are *taught* something. There is precious little correlation that is obvious to them between what is going on in the

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classroom and in the market place where they intend to spend the rest of their lives. We need far more independent study in our colleges and far more contact with the workaday world than we now have.

I am not suggesting vocationalism in any sense of that word. I do, however, mean to point strongly to the need for a continuous dialogue between the university and the world at large, a dialogue which now consists of two independent and deaf-eared monologues. If students can be encouraged to pursue their own research out of sheer curiosity, for the mere joy of learning, and then be asked to relate what they are doing to the larger commonwealth of mankind, in which they share citizenship, then cheating on the campus will wither and die, because the waters which now keep it alive will have dried up.

SOUTH KOREA AND TURKEY

BACKDROPS TO CRISIS

The following articles, both based on first-hand knowledge, convey something of the atmosphere in South Korea and Turkey out of which arose the recent crises in both countries. The author of the South Korean article served as neuropsychiatrist to an American military unit there; the writer of the second piece spent two years studying politics in Turkey on a Ford Foundation grant. —EDITORS.

Korean Vignette

Jay Lefer

KOREA from the air is a lunar landscape. Rocky mounds of earth rise everywhere; and in the autumn, the colors are sparse, the countryside seems naked. Between the many-sized mountains lie geometric rice fields, where the farmer plows some absentee landlord's furrows with an ox-drawn wooden plow that could have seen service in Babylonia. It takes three men using one shovel to dig the ground; they attach themselves to the shovel with ropes. The tractor treads visible on the dirt roads are left by light and medium tanks that appear suddenly from behind the barbed-wire encampments which cover the peninsula from Pusan, Taegu, Kwangju and Taejon to Seoul, encircling the 400,000 South Korean troops spread along the demilitarized zone. Near them are the two American divisions — understaffed, understrength, and using M1 rifles and jeeps that were in good working condition during World War II. The barbed wire continues on the opposite side of the line to the Yalu River, the graveyard of American Marines.

Arriving in Ascom City in the morning, the Grand Central Terminal of the military, you are taken by the mists covering the mountains, and surprised by the reality of quonset huts and the evil smell emanating from the nearby Korean village. You sit down on a hard, metal cot, grimy and sweaty after the shaky MATS plane ride from Japan, and you are greeted by a plainspoken personnel non-com who tells you that the sinks are broken and the water lines have been stolen by the "slickee boys." Then a voice bellows assignment orders. Those going on to the division area learn that "They're lucky the war's over anyway, 'cause you'll be living just like there's a war going on but no shooting." Going to Seoul and the cities, "Well, that's pretty good, 'cause there's lots of moose [girls] and they put out for two bucks." KMAG, the Korean Military Advisory Group, means living amenities.

I FOUND myself in a KMAG unit for several months, the general practitioner for about twelve officers and twenty enlisted men assigned to an ROK army reservist unit near Kwangju. The houses had been left over from the post-World War II military government. There was a quonset hut containing a library; on the shelf, surprisingly, was a book by Owen Lattimore, who in 1949 had predicted a war between North and South Korea.

My meeting with Koreans was made easier because I taught at the medical school and held weekly English classes. The classes were held in a dim-lit, barnlike building. The high school students were bright, seemed eager to learn. Their black uniforms were torn and patched. Large rats ran around the room. They wrote compositions that bore titles like, "The Beauty of a Korean Spring," "What Is an Autumn Leaf?"

The medical-school library contained texts from Germany and Japan, mainly published in the early twentieth century. The students wanted cheap books from Japan, but the Rhee government refused to allow any trade. The youngsters knew all about the free tuition and books available in North Korea, but if they dared complain the police and government officials immediately labeled them "Communist."

Rhee's Liberal Party officials lived in splendid homes, contrasting with the squalid, mud-walled huts, roofed with hay, of the rest of the populace. The officials seemed to have a never-ending supply of money. Those with military titles openly sold American military supplies.

THE AMERICAN Army officers counted their days of the tour, as did the thousands of enlisted men. The dichotomy of military duty and politics was respected. One embittered colonel went from person to person telling the story, "And who do you think God put here first? The doctor? The lawyer? No, for in the beginning was chaos, and wherever there's chaos, there's the Army."

Nights were spent in wild party-

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ing, collecting groups of prostitutes, and drinking. The "doc" was privileged because he had the supply of "no-sweat pills" (achromycin) to guard against gonorrhea. Besides, the "doc" could avoid writing one's name next to the diagnosis going to Washington (wouldn't be good for the record). Later, I was surreptitiously asked to give "no-sweat pills" to an officer on *the* General's staff in Seoul. Venereal disease remained a problem, in spite of an 8th Army regulation demanding continence. A chaplain said that the problem was common to all armies in similar situations; he couldn't do anything about it. In the division areas, Korean girls would crawl over the hills at night, stick their breasts through barbed-wire openings or enter a quonset hut after pay day and go from bed to bed. If the GI didn't have the two dollars, it was "do it now, pay later." The Korean police would snatch a sizable cut of the proceeds.

Seoul was the showplace. The Officers' Club was rich, with fine furniture, running waitresses, good steaks, excellent plumbing. It seemed as though all the money was concentrated here to give visiting Congressmen a good time. In the division areas—isolated, forlorn, where Congressmen rarely came—the units continued to lack the most elemental toilet facilities. The Chosun Hotel in Seoul was like the sex temples of ancient Persia. The wives were far away, and the girls paraded along the bar and dance floor, going from one officer to another. The enlisted men were accosted on the streets.

NIGHT DUTY at the dispensary or hospital was similar to the emergency room of any mid-Manhattan hospital: drunks, knife wounds, contusions, narcotic addicts. The psychiatric ward contained cases of depressions, suicide attempts, schizophrenic breaks. The atmosphere of thwarted aggression was bursting out with unrestrained sexual behavior, alcoholism or self-destructiveness.

The Korean people became the target of the Americans' anger at having to be in their country. The Koreans were ridiculed, hated, insulted. The American radio repeated, "This is freedom's frontier"—

Syngman Rhee

and in every city and village was the evidence of a lack of freedom, of strict police control. The students at the Korean universities whispered complaints; they were frightened, then, by the police beatings. Korea was known even in the nineteenth century for government brutality. A missionary reported that one form of torture was to pry apart the leg bones with a sword.

The Americans came and went, relieved to get away. The opposition party, the Democrats, remained the party of the middle-class professionals. About 80 per cent of the people toiled, their backs bent with heavy A-frames, and the few in the government collected all the money and all the power. Façade after façade was created to continue the democratic picture of a government supporting the fourth largest army in the world. And the people waited. . . .

Turkey's 'War'

Frederick W. Frey

TURKISH newspapers recently have been running items that start like this:

> TO THE EDITOR: YO —
> Ur Report About the Sh —
> Ortage of Antibiotic Dru —
> Gs was false. The ministry
> has conducted an investigation. . . .

The peculiarly scrambled typography is part of the guerrilla warfare between the government of Adnan Menderes and Turkey's independent and opposition press. Among a series of measures against the press, Menderes has put through a law providing that anyone mentioned in a news story is entitled to a response, or denial, which the paper must print in exactly the same position on the same page, in exactly the same type, accompanied by exactly the same size photograph — and occupying up to *twice* the space given to the original story. Under these rigid conditions, there is little the beleaguered papers can do but set the type, as in this example, to make the denial look ridiculous.

Under Menderes' press laws, a total of 811 (by government tally) jail sentences were imposed on Turkish journalists between 1950 and 1958. Many others have been fined. As many as thirty-five cases have come up in one day in the Ankara Press Court. As a result, the special press cell in the Ankara jail has been unable to meet the demand for its facilities: the journalists have had to queue up to do their time.

THE source of most of the sentences is the Menderes law that provides for prosecution on the basis of any news item that "belittles" the government — a charge that can be, and occasionally is, applied to virtually any kind of criticism of the regime. *The Times* (London) commented that "a vague and Draconian press law is applied arbitrarily to some journalists for seemingly mild offenses and heavy fines and long prison sentences hang like the sword of Damocles over the heads of all writers and . . . editors." Usually the journalist is sentenced for "belittling" Menderes, one of his ministers or, in one case, a local prosecutor. One of the "belittlers" was a sixteen-year-old newsboy charged with having hawked his papers with the words: "It says the price of sugar will be increased." And the Shah of Iran invoked the law (at the instigation, it was rumored, of the Turkish government) against a Turkish magazine for some rather tame remarks about the Shah's marital difficulties.

The "denial" law has been a fertile

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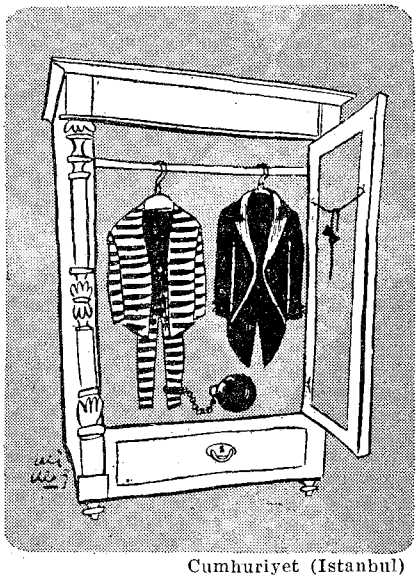
source of convictions. The government has enforced what is literally the letter of the law: journalists have gone to jail for printing the denial on the left side of the page when the original was on the right (seventeen days plus fine) and for cutting an accompanying picture one centimeter too short (fifteen days). Turkish papers often are speckled with the denials. In the first nine months of last year, the Istanbul Press Prosecutor sent no less than 700 denials to the local papers for publication.

Occasionally the government confiscates a paper's entire issue, or suspends the publication for up to three months. The regime also has available economic weapons against the press. It has the power to allocate newsprint and commercial as well as state advertising. It has stated as the criterion for receiving government notices — an important source of revenue — that the papers must show "objectivity in local and foreign news." These weapons have been used mainly against the organs of the opposition Republican Party and the bolder independents, though *Zafer* (*Victory*), the organ of the ruling Democrats, has also been suspended.

MENDERES' treatment of the press is not unusual in the underdeveloped world: the Turkish press, even now, is probably as free as any in the Middle East, and freer than most. Nor is press restriction anything new in Turkey. Kemal Ataturk censored the press; his successor, Ismet Inonu, censored the press; so did Turkish governments before Ataturk. But the present tightening comes after a period in which Turkey seemed to be on the way to parliamentary democracy and a free press. After World War II, Inonu canceled most of the controls on the press as part of the courageous experiment in democracy toward which Ataturk's policies were headed. In 1950, through the efforts of Inonu, who had to overcome strong opposition in his own Republican Party, Turkey's first truly free elections were held. Menderes won and Inonu freely gave up power. But, within four years, Menderes and the Democrats began to move against both the press and the opposition. These measures coincided with the end of the Menderes administration's political honeymoon. After a period of great popularity, the country was getting into economic difficulties.



Cumhuriyet (Istanbul)

Turkish Journalist's Wardrobe

The result of the Menderes policy has been resistance by the press, more restriction by the state — and increased resentment of the regime. A year ago the *Manchester Guardian* found in this resistance cause for optimism: "The most remarkable thing about the government's assaults on the freedom of the press and other liberties is not that they are made . . . but that they are resisted so stoutly. So long as Turkish journalists go on writing what they think needs to be said in defiance of repeated prison sentences, Turkey is a country of hope." In view of the high price Turkish journalists have so often paid in jail time, fines and loss of livelihood, it is, indeed, remarkable how hard they have fought back — how often they have dared punishment to speak their minds. Now, as the government and its opponents approach a showdown, Turkey's future seems to be in the balance. But it is clear that it is the spirit of resistance which the press has helped keep alive that today propels the students into the streets of Istanbul.

GENETICS AND SUBVERSION . . *by Ronald W. May*

REP. FRANCIS WALTER (D., Pa.), chairman of the House Un-American Activities Committee, and Richard Arens, the committee's staff director, have shown interest in a research project, underwritten by a wealthy New Yorker, which seeks to prove that the Negro race is genetically inferior and that American Negroes ought to be "repatriated" to Africa.

Arens has been accepting a stipend for his services, a circumstance which opens him to charges of violation of a section of the La Follette-Monroney law of 1946 which says that "Professional staff members [of Congressional committees] shall not engage in any work other than committee business and no other duties may be assigned them."

Congressman Walter is serving as an unpaid member of one of two three-man private committees which are distributing grants to finance the research on the project. Mr. Walter's fellow workers in this field are alleged to include Senator Eastland (D., Miss.) and a group of private citizens of whom several have been making public appearances on the far, far Right of the ideological stage.

These remarkable extracurricular activities of two key figures in a Congressional body supposedly devoted to upholding the fundamentals of Americanism ("All men are created equal," says the Declaration of Independence: remember?) were uncovered by this reporter in a series of interviews, telephone calls and

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exchanges of correspondence in which both Messrs. Walter and Arens were given their chance for rebuttal.

The underwriter of the project is Wycliffe Draper, a near-recluse in his seventies, who some time ago decided that some extra money he had lying around could not be better spent than on proving that Negroes were inferior in intelligence and that those now living in the United States would be better off in Africa — where, presumably, they would be under the tender care of the South African police. When he failed to get support for his theories from several respectable geneticists, he decided, three years ago, to appoint two committees which might be capable of finding researchers more sympathetic to his ideas. Mr. Walter was named to one of the committees, for which Mr. Arens serves as paid consultant (stipend: $3,000 a year). Senator Eastland was named to the other committee, according to a man who, as we shall see, certainly ought to know.

BEFORE proceeding further with this inquiry into the connections between Messrs. Arens and Walter with Draper, it might be well to describe the general tone of Draper's theories as revealed by the scientists who turned down the opportunities offered them to work with him.

Eastern university zoologist: "I took dinner with Mr. Draper at the Harvard Club, and his first remark about the Negro waiter who served us apprised me of the nature of his interest in human heredity. I don't believe he made any offer of support, but he left the impression that what interested him was evidence of race inequalities. I bade him goodby after dinner."

Well-known geneticist: "I don't recall that Mr. Draper offered us a specific amount. . . . He did not really know any genetics himself and was a racist of the usual type. He wished to prove simply that Negroes were inferior to other people and wished to promote some program to send them all to Africa. We merely told him that his ideas were a lot of nonsense and certainly would not work."

Director of a university genetics laboratory: "As far as I could tell, Mr. Draper thought the country would be better off without Negroes and believed that the ideas current immediately after the Civil War of repatriating the Negroes to Africa, as was done in the Liberia experiment, could be resumed on a larger scale and would be successful. As this seemed completely foolish to me, I merely told him that I did not think this was a sensible project."

Eastern university geneticist: "My impression was strong that Mr. Draper was a racist and a radical eugenicist who believed that inferior people ought to be sterilized."

Representative Walter

MR. ARENS, when asked about his work for the Draper project, would concede only that he had assisted Mr. Draper in finding recipients for research grants in the fields of "immigration and genetics." He later told *The Washington Post* that he had never devoted more than fifty-two hours a year to his work. On the basis of a $3,000 annual stipend, it would seem that the science of genetics was rewarding Mr. Arens at the rate of $58 an hour.

Concerning the propriety of this activity, the *Post*, referring to the LaFollette-Monroney law, commented:

> Those familiar with the writing of the Act declare the wording means precisely what it says and that it would be both "unusual" and "exceptional" for a professional committee staff employee to be receiving outside income from other work.

Queried on the same subject by this reporter, Sam Rayburn (D., Tex.), Speaker of the House, said that he would consider it "definitely improper" for a Congressional committee staff man to take money from a private person or group that is "interested in" or "connected with" legislation, no matter how remotely. Mr. Rayburn added that he would not object to a committee employee working part time at a store, garage or other small business which could have no possible tie with the business of Congress.

CONGRESSMAN Walter was a little more communicative than Mr. Arens, but not very. At first he told this reporter that he had long been interested in immigration as it related to Africa (the Congressman is, of course, a member of the Joint Congressional Committee on Immigration and National Policy). In fact, he said, he had spent some time in Africa last year studying native universities to find those which might profit from Draper grants. For instance, he had conferred with officials of the University of Dakar over the possibility of establishing a chair of government to speed native competence in self-rule. He said also that he had considered the possibility of a Draper grant going to a university in Mali.

But, as the interview proceeded, Mr. Walter gradually withdrew his implied connections with Draper and ended the talk by denying that he had ever met the gentleman or knew anything about his grants. Why, under these circumstances, he had traveled around in Africa looking for likely recipients of Draper grants was left unexplained.

This reporter next telephoned Draper in New York City (the number is unlisted), and was told that questions about the grants should be directed to Harry Weyher, a New York attorney. Mr. Weyher seemed startled to be asked about the matter, but under persistent probing he admitted that two committees were disposing of Draper's money for "worthy projects" and said that Mr. Arens is a paid consultant for the committee on which Congressman

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Walter serves and that Senator Eastland is a member of the other committee. He explained that the grants dispensed through the committees pay for "research into genetic and blood-type sciences" and into the uses of isolysin, a chemical important in establishing the transfusibility of blood types. (Southern racists have long inveighed against mixing Negro blood with white in blood banks on the theory that genetic Negro inferiority is thus transmitted to whites, or that in any case the transfusion damages the white person's health.)

Senator Eastland, queried about his connection with Draper, vigorously denied even remembering the gentleman's name, and said he had had nothing to do with dispensing any of the Draper money.

FURTHER inquiry by *The Washington Post* revealed something more about the fountainhead of all these grants and the committees which are disposing of them. Draper is a Harvard graduate whose interest in restrictive immigration laws led to a friendship with the late Senator Patrick McCarran (D., Nev.), co-author of the McCarran-Walter immigration bill. At that time, Senator McCarran headed the Senate Judiciary Committee, of which Mr. Arens was then a staff employee.

As to the grant committees, serving with Congressman Walter are Benjamin Douglas Van Evera, chemistry professor and dean of sponsored research at George Washington University, and Dr. Anthony Bouscaren, political scientist at Le Moyne College, Syracuse, New York. Dr. Bouscaren, an outspoken admirer of the late Senator McCarthy, moved to Le Moyne from Marquette, in Milwaukee, last year after his work for Draper had led to difficulties with the administration of the Milwaukee institution.

The second grant committee consists of Senator Eastland (according to Mr. Weyher, at any rate); Henry E. Garrett, professor of education at the University of Virginia, and Joseph W. Brouillette, Sr., on the staff of the education department of Louisiana State University.

Mr. Garrett, who retired last year as professor of psychology at Columbia University, was one of a group of New Yorkers who a year ago sought a certificate of incorporation from the Queens County, N.Y., Supreme Court to form an "Association for the Preservation of Freedom of Choice." Heading the petitioners was Donald A. Swan, whom the New York *Post* has referred to as a "self-described American Fascist."

The court turned down the application for incorporation because of what it termed its "malevolent purpose." The application, said the judge, spoke of "individual freedom of choice," but the "avowed purposes" concealed "the negation of a whole series of fundamental and basic rights which are the warp and woof of the way of life vouchsafed to everyone by the U.S. Constitution and that of the State of New York." The judge further referred to the "Aesopian language" of the application as really intending to give the majority the "choice" to segregate minorities by denying them a right "to enter, ride, worship, eat, play, study . . . in certain public places."

It would appear that Messrs. Walter and Arens are linked to a project with ramifications that seem remarkably unsuited, to say the least, to catch the favorable attention of the chairman and staff director of the House Un-American Activities Committee.

THE FIELD THE PILOT TRUSTS .. *by Karl M. Ruppenthal*

LANDING unexpectedly at Olathe, a few miles south of Kansas City, Kansas, another airliner recently made the news. It had lost a wheel from its landing gear. The pilot, bound for Peoria, had suspected trouble shortly after his take-off at Chicago. Together with the copilot, he made the inspections that are possible in the air. Then he called the Chicago Midway tower and asked the operator to take a look. He circled the field as close as he could and made one pass in front of the tower. Two operators peered through field glasses. They were uncertain about the extent of damage, but suspected that a wheel was gone.

The captain next called the plane's hostess. Since flights from busy terminals normally waste little time getting under way once they are airborne, he knew the passengers would be curious about their circling the field. And he thought they had a right to information. He explained the facts to the stewardess, and amplified them with his guesses, then asked her to take it from there.

Quietly and efficiently she briefed the passengers. Since the load was light, and she had plenty of time, she talked to them individually. She carefully explained about the defective landing gear: while there was every reason to believe that the landing would be normal, there was no merit in taking chances. She hoped they would not mind a little inconvenience for safety's sake.

She gave each an extra pillow in case padding might be required. She made certain the seat belts were in order, for they might really be needed this time. Once on the ground, she told them, they should proceed calmly to the exits, but with no undue delay.

Meanwhile in the cockpit the pilots, too, were busy. Establishing communications with the company, the copilot explained the situation. The captain requested a search of the runway the plane had just left; and would the company check old log books to see if there was any history which might bear on the

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condition of the gear? The log book in the plane was new, giving history for but the previous three days, and revealed nothing of importance.

It was not long before an answer came from the airport: the search crew had found a wheel. From all indications it had fallen free on the take-off roll. The crew found no evidence that anything else had come loose. Armed with this information, the captain radioed the dispatcher that he was diverting the flight to Olathe. Next he called Airways Traffic Control and received clearance to his new destination.

There was a hum of activity on the ground. One man called Olathe to make certain the authorities there knew about the flight. Another checked with reservations for a count of passengers on the plane and arranged transportation for them from Olathe to their destinations. A third man called public relations: since anyone can listen to radio communications, some enterprising reporter would surely be on the scene, and it would be well for P.R. to have a man there, too.

ON THE GROUND at Olathe there were other discussions. Since the runway was covered with snow, was there any danger of fire? Had it been dry, the crash crew would have coated the runway with foam to inhibit sparks and to smother incipient fire. But was this necessary, or desirable, with a natural coating of snow?

The pilot finally brought his plane in. He came over the threshold using the least possible speed. Near the ground, he held her off until she could no longer stay in the air. Then, skillfully, he landed on the two remaining wheels, keeping one side from lowering as long as he could. Quickly, gracefully he brought the plane to rest. It was a magnificent job of flying.

Seconds later the crash crew arrived. Swarming about, hoses primed, they watched for possible fire. Quickly, efficiently, the well-briefed passengers deplaned. Showing little excitement, they walked to the terminal where an agent escorted them to a waiting limousine. Almost unnoticed the crew walked to Operations. An unneeded ambulance drove quietly away.

It was a great day for the reporters and photographers. What better for page one than a shot of the disabled plane on the runway! There she stood, ankle deep in the snow, like an embarrassed queen on a throne that had unexpectedly collapsed. A reporter rode the passenger limousine, listening for tidbits. There would be human interest here. Probably it would be some woman's first plane ride. That would be worth half a column. Or an important speaker might have missed a lunch engagement. Or perhaps a lovely bride might be late for her wedding. In any case, here was high drama: the world would be eager to learn how it feels to be in a plane that has left one wheel behind on the ground.

Satisfied with their work, the reporters filed their stories. AP distributed the pictures throughout the land. Radio newscasters painted dramatic oral images (though many of them couldn't pronounce Olathe). Two days later, the story was dead, wrung thoroughly dry of human interest. A plane had landed safely, minus a wheel, and nobody had been hurt.

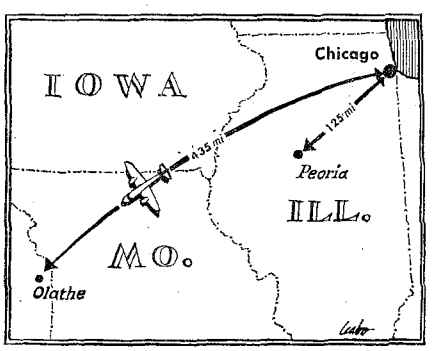
In due course of time, there would be an investigation. Specialists from the Civil Aeronautics Board would overlook nothing. With cameras, tapes and transits, they would carefully check the place where the wheel had been lost. Speed and take-off roll would be documented. The plane itself might be impounded temporarily and the doubtful gear inspected. There would be hypotheses, tests and checks. Mechanical deficiencies might be uncovered, and voluminous reports would be filed.

Weeks later there would be a hearing. Here much evidence would be presented: the date and origin of the flight; its weight, fuel load and destination; the certification of the airline and its right to operate scheduled flights; the name, age and qualifications of each member of the crew. And there might be pages more. Months later the CAB would publish findings. Dryly, in monotonous fashion, it would relate the history of the flight. And in its conclusions, responsibility would be fixed: at fault would be the pilot, a mechanic or the airline. Or it might even blame a faulty part. But having assessed responsibility, the CAB would then close its books.

The FAA, too, might write a chapter. It might investigate to determine whether the pilot had acted legally in diverting to Olathe. Had the dispatcher concurred with him in the decision? Did the approved operating manual give the company authority to land a plane at Olathe under such conditions? If it did not, then by what authority was the landing made? If the captain claimed an emergency, was he justified in so doing? And if he was, did he, within the statutory time, file sufficient copies of an appropriate report detailing the reasons for his actions?

In the end someone would be reprimanded, perhaps fined. And one more statistic would be added to the accident records of the fiscal year. And there, in all probability, the matter would end.

FOR IT is extremely unlikely that the real story will ever be written, because no reporter will take the trouble to inquire. He will not think to ask why the pilot chose Olathe — why a little town in Kansas, nearly



300 miles beyond the flight's destination and 435 miles from its origin. Why didn't he set her down in Peoria — or in Chicago?

Was it more than coincidence that a few months earlier another pilot had selected Olathe when his landing gear had also declined to function? The papers had carried that story, too: an incident, superb flying, coordinated activity on the ground. But why did both pilots select Olathe, an airport where no airline has facilities, where they employ no

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mechanic and own no loading stand?

The unwritten story would reveal that both pilots landed at Olathe because they knew what they could expect there, and that is more than can be said for Chicago or Peoria. Olathe, long a training field for Navy pilots, is equipped for accidents which are sure to occur in training. It has adequate ambulances, fire trucks and other emergency equipment. Equally important, it has sufficient trained men who know what to do. And that, too, is more than can be said for many airports.

For it is a sad fact that the pilot faced with an emergency has no way of knowing the adequacy of the facilities on the ground. There is no list telling him what equipment is available. Of course, given time, the pilot may inquire by radio whether a field has a fire truck in operation, but even then its effectiveness remains unknown. For there are no standard requirements.

While it is true that major airports have emergency equipment, the variations are tremendous. No regulation sets forth the number or capacity of fire trucks. No rule stipulates crash-crew size nor how well the crew must be trained. Even where airports have emergency equipment, men to operate them are not always available around the clock. Indeed, at some "modern" airports the men assigned to the equipment know little more about this job than would volunteers in Ben Franklin's bucket brigade. Other fields do have both the latest equipment and men trained to handle it efficiently.

For the business of emergency operations is in a no man's land. It is true that the federal taxpayer pays the lion's share of the cost of building the nation's airports. But except in the nation's capital, once an airport is built, it is run by local groups. Safety items regarded as essential by the Port Authority of New York may be ignored by the airport commissions at Peoria or by the City Council in Dubuque, Iowa. And the pilot on the spot has no way of knowing whether a regular airport has emergency equipment, whether the equipment is in operating condition, or whether its handlers have ever seen a fire.

There is urgent need to assess the emergency facilities at all airline airports and to remedy deficiencies that may be discovered. It is all very well to be "for" safety, much more important to achieve it. Today many of our airports are like poorly designed industrial plants. Tacked on the walls are numerous signs saying, "Safety First," "Be Careful," "Pay Attention to the Rules or Lose Your Job." But the workers in the plant would trade all the signs for reliable safety equipment continuously manned by competent operators.

THE NUMBERS WRITER: a Portrait . . *by Julian Mayfield*

THE POLICY racket was in the news again. Adam Clayton Powell (D., N.Y.) had charged that the New York City police were cooperating with white numbers bankers to drive Negro bankers out of Harlem. Police Commissioner Kennedy replied that the charges were irresponsible. Representative Powell, whose district includes most of Harlem, read names and addresses of white "policy barons" into the *Congressional Record*, and there was a wave of arrests in Harlem. The newspapers vied with one another to see which could produce the loudest headlines. It seemed that, after half a century, a real attack was about to be mounted against the numbers game.

I wondered what my friend Jimmy Slick thought about all this furor, and I went up to Harlem to see him. Jimmy is a numbers writer who has spent more than half of his forty years in the racket. In the early afternoon he is always at his favorite barroom on Seventh Avenue, where he writes down the bets of his customers, and it was there I found him going about business-as-usual. When I asked him what he thought of Mr. Powell's declaration of war on the numbers game, he set his glass on the bar and cursed — not violently, but tiredly, as if he were weary of everything, even his own curses.

Jimmy was one of those who had been picked up a few days before during the mass arrests. The young white plainclothesman who took him to the precinct station had been very embarrassed because he himself was on the policy payroll, the same as Jimmy. The detective had been full of apologies, but Jimmy had comforted him, assuring him that everything was cool, that such things were to be expected from time to time. "This cop," Jimmy said, "is one of my regular players. He's been betting 507 with me for two years."

I asked Jimmy if he thought he would receive less "action" (betting) as a result of all of the unfavorable publicity, and he stared at me as if I had suggested he run for President. "Man," he said, "you can't stop people from playing the numbers. And, furthermore, nobody is going to try to stop them. This is a business." He said it with a quiet assurance that is disconcerting to a person who believes in the possibilities of genuine social reform.

Since 1900, there have been countless exposés of the policy racket, and there have been several vigorous spurts of prosecutions. Indeed, it can be argued that one man, Thomas E. Dewey, almost reached the White House on the fame he achieved in his war on the numbers. But today the racket is more highly organized than ever and, as a business, it shows no signs of experiencing even a mild recession during the present municipal soul-searching. In each of the greater urban centers, it is the employer of several thousand people, and in New York City alone its an-

JULIAN MAYFIELD is the author of two novels on Harlem, The Hit *and* The Long Night (*Vanguard*).

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nual take is estimated to be a *quarter of a billion* dollars.

Even the most tolerant among us must by now be convinced that the policy racket can no longer be considered a harmless pastime. It is a cancerous growth on city life. It siphons millions of dollars a year from the sections of the population that can least afford it. A huge share of its revenue is used to bribe the police and public officials who protect it. Worse, the easy atmosphere of corruption in which it flourishes destroys respect for social institutions and encourages juvenile delinquency. Moreover, the well-greased and efficient machinery of the numbers game is used for other criminal activity; many of the policy barons are knee-deep in the dope traffic, using the capital acquired from one to furnish cash needed for the other.

I like to think that Jimmy Slick is unaware of the anti-human ramifications of his trade. He is, after all, only a minor figure in the operation. But perhaps he is aware, for I have heard him say, defensively: "This is a business, man, like any other. Millions of dollars are involved. You can't stop business. Business comes first."

I BELIEVE that is the heart of the matter. Jimmy Slick and his world view, his *Weltanschauung*, were not created by the policy racket. Both Jimmy and the racket were spawned out of — and are sustained by — certain generally accepted attitudes which many people fear now dominate our national character. These attitudes might be summed up as follows: The highest motivation of mankind is to look out for Number One; corruption and compromise of principle are as natural to human society as breathing; and, in the end the only thing that matters is success (the getting of money, influence or power).

It is in this framework that we must test Jimmy Slick's cynicism. To him the policy racket is merely a thread in the quilt of national corruption. He did not share the outrage that many people felt when the deep-freeze exposés shook the Truman Administration or when Sherman Adams was driven out of Washington for accepting favors from a person doing business with the government. Jimmy has assumed for many years that nearly everyone in public office is on the make one way or the other, that where there is no actual graft there is the use of influence and the exchange of favors for personal gain. The hullabaloo over the fixed TV quiz shows and payola confuses him, for he cannot believe so many people are genuinely indignant over something that is so perfectly natural. To a barroom pal who was excoriating Charles Van Doren, Jimmy said: "Cut the bull, man. Nobody turns down $123,000, no matter what he has to do for it." Few people, privately, would disagree with him.

Jimmy's attitude is more complex toward prominent Negroes who find themselves in trouble, but it is consistent with his philosophy. He defends Adam Clayton Powell and Hulan Jack, but he does not protest their innocence. He is convinced that politics are behind the prosecutions. Besides, he points out, the amounts of money involved are piddling compared to the sums he has heard changed hands during certain Title I slum-clearance deals. The one thing for which Jimmy will never forgive Mr. Jack is that he received only $5,500. Jimmy says scornfully, "That was a disgrace to Harlem!" Why, he demands (echoing Mr. Powell's outcry against the police and the white policy barons) should the Negro get a smaller share of the spoils?

JIMMY never believed that Congress would pass a strong civil-rights bill this year. He is even a little amused at the circus that was staged in Washington, for he wonders how it appeared to the rest of the world. He expresses no outrage that President Eisenhower, while vacationing at a Jim Crow golf course in Augusta, pontificates about the challenges facing the free world while he refuses to take a forthright stand on human freedom at home. To Jimmy this *is* the American way of life.

It is years since he has been stirred by the promise in the Bill of Rights, and he would be downright embarrassed pledging his allegiance to the flag of the United States. He remembers the Star Spangled Banner nostalgically only because of a verse he and his Harlem schoolmates used to sing to the tune:

> Oh, say, can you see
> Any bedbugs on me . . .
> If you do, take a few
> Because they came from you . . .

Obviously, Jimmy is not typical of any large segment of our society. But this should give no one comfort, for his attitudes, while not typical, are symptomatic of a growing cynicism among those who once dreamed of seeing our nation realize its great potential. The cold war, the constant threat of a nuclear holocaust, the era of McCarthyism and a creeping apathy have taken an awesome toll of the most visionary elements in our community.

Idealism has given way not to complacency, but to resignation. How are we to meet the challenge presented by Jimmy Slick? Do we still have the capacity to regenerate his faith in the American promise? Or have we resigned our prerogatives as free citizens to such an extent that there is now a little of Jimmy Slick in all of us?

LETTERS

(*Continued from inside cover*)

chemical and biological warfare is not a dirty business. It is no worse than any other means of killing. There is no excuse for scientists regarding it as degrading, particularly in the light of its public-health aspects."

If scientists were ready to work in these fields, they would need no convincing. Those who have spent a good deal of their adult lives in finding ways to protect Man from his biological enemies (and this includes Soviet man as well as American man) are not going to be so easily convinced that they should now discover how best to use bacteria to wipe out Man, indiscriminately. Of course, CW and BW are no worse than atomic warfare. Nor any better. But why should scientists speak and think of killing?

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New York City

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BOOKS and the ARTS

Forty Years of Friendship

MARK TWAIN - HOWELLS LETTERS: The Correspondence of Samuel L. Clemens and William D. Howells, 1872-1910. Edited by Henry Nash Smith and William M. Gibson with the assistance of Frederick Anderson. Harvard University Press. 2 Vols. 984 pp. $20.

Howard C. Horsford

"SOMETIMES I think we others shall be remembered merely as your friends and correspondents," Howells once wrote Twain, with a wry near-accuracy. Despite his admittedly serious limitations, Twain has emerged as one of our greatest writers; only in a much more hesitant way is Howells just beginning to receive his due — a respectable novelist, but also the editor-critic who almost single-handedly midwifed the birth of modern American literature. So it is one of the many signal virtues of this correspondence that Howells emerges a warmly friendly, acute intelligence, a restrained strength to match the volatility of Twain.

These two volumes, scrupulously edited by two distinguished scholars of Twain and Howells (it would be graceless carping to suggest that the editorial apparatus is almost too anxiously full), and handsomely produced by the Belknap Press, bring together for the first time all the known but scattered nearly 800 letters and notes of all kinds. Happily, there seem to be only a few tantalizing gaps. Twain, exulting in the financial triumph of his first book, *Innocents Abroad*, had met Howells in 1869 to thank him for his discriminating review in that temple of New England respectability, *The Atlantic Monthly*, but the extant correspondence begins in 1872, with a telegram from Twain characteristically helping a friend. The subsequent forty-year record of one of the closest and most significant friendships in American literary history is rivaled only by the remnants of the Melville-Hawthorne exchange, or by the letters between Howells and his other great friend, Henry James.

HOWARD C. HORSFORD, who has written on Melville as well as Twain and Howells, will join the Department of English at the University of Rochester after teaching this summer at Bread Loaf.

These are not, to be sure, the letters of a Walpole or Chesterfield, written in formal elegance and with half an eye on posterity's audience. Much of the time the two men lived no more than a few hours from each other, joying in each other's many lengthy visits; the letters occupy only the interstices of their communion. Besides, many of the letters individually are already familiar from previous use elsewhere.

But it is the whole consecutive sequence here which is illuminating, which conveys the developing sense of confidence and intimacy in understanding that sprang from a long, deep and constant affection. The publicly staid Howells writes from Switzerland: "Think of a country where they are so proud of their manure heaps that they plait the edges of the straw that sticks out." We see not only Twain's exasperations and his extravagances, but often also his unpublicized generosities. We learn to estimate the generosity of Howells, who again and again took time from his own crowded days to read and correct patiently the manuscripts or proofs of his much wealthier, impatient friend. With newly delighted pleasure, we come unexpectedly upon the well-known passages casually mentioning the genesis of *Life on the Mississippi* or *Huckleberry Finn*, see the new disturbed seriousness of Howells as he writes *A Hazard of New Fortunes*, or risks his career to speak for the Haymarket anarchists. Bit by bit we see their Republican satisfaction eroding before their developing social consciousness and troubled political consciences as the century wears out its tarnished years.

We have known of the frail health of the two deeply loved wives, but it is with a much deeper sense of the recurrent distress it must have held for their husbands that we see it mentioned again and again, year after year, as a kind of grimly accepted constant. The younger exuberance and high spirits shift slowly into the wry jesting about age, the letters carry an increasing burden of news of death of friends and relatives. With sharper poignancy in its restraint, after the tormenting years of his daughter Winifred's breakdown, comes the last sentence in an otherwise routine note from Howells: "We shall be just beyond Cambridge, not far from Winny's grave, beside which I stretched myself the other day, and experienced what anguish a man can live through." And then there is the wonderfully delicate sympathy of Howells' letters to Twain during that devastating sequence of the death of a daughter, a wife and another daughter.

THE notion that Twain was not, all faults being freely granted, a deeply serious writer behind his role of professional entertainer dies hard. So does the notion — built on arbitrary excerpts and given its most extravagant statement

St. Martin's Lane, London

Yes, and on the one hand were the jagged teeth of walls
And starred red paper screaming...
Paper pasted with a host's eye...
Screaming where it hung like flesh,
Torn away by a demolition plan.
They felled the bricks and dust
Streamed about them,
Rose from the rubble — inevitable ghost
Haunting their mouths with grit.

Yes, and then opposite
The mammoth many-storied monster
Still in a cage of scaffolding —
Men were flies on its side —
Was hideous and grey in growing pains.

Something was in the air I thought,
Something like 'dust to dust'
Or 'to redress the balance of the old.'

I couldn't have told why I stopped in my haste
And slunk into a café where it wasn't cold.

SUSAN ALLISTON

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years ago by Van Wyck Brooks — that Twain's genius was stunted by his culture, emasculated by those genteel representatives of that culture, his wife and his friend. But if the patient work of more recent students has not laid such notions of Sam and Livy Clemens, of William and Elinor Howells, perhaps these letters may. Within this sequence we see more justly the significance of the constant teasing about domestic tyrannies, the shared, intimate family joke. The supposedly chilling effect Mrs. Clemens had on the vigor of her husband's diction comes into a more proper perspective after we read any number of passages like this one spoofing Livy's clucked exasperation over a social engagement preventing a Howells visit: "That did not deceive the Recording Angel a bit; I knew the entry that was being set down in the great book opposite the name Livy L. Clemens, to wit: 'March 24, 1880 — at breakfast — unarticulated remark reflecting the thought, *"Damn* those Warners."' — To get this woman to give up the baneful habit of underhanded swearing, is one of those things which I have long ago been obliged to give up. . . . But the poor children don't suspect, I thank God for that."

FOR Twain, Howells was "really my only author." His regularly enthusiastic acclaim for each new Howells work, no matter how slight, is in large part due to his personal affection, but it is also based on a genuine appreciation of Howells' merits, the delicate felicity of style, the shrewd elucidation of character and motive and situation — matters always close to Twain's artistic heart. Howells, for his part, was rather more discriminating in his praise; some of his restraint comes from a too wary regard, no doubt, for the nineteenth-century proprieties. But to his everlasting critical credit, he saw and shared almost from the first something not always recognized even today — the passionate moral intensity, the tenderness for human suffering, the outrage at injustice, the constantly deepening tragic perception in Twain.

Of course Livy Clemens and Howells had effect on Twain's writing, and at times we should call that effect too prissy. But what is clear here, if we had not known it otherwise, is something of the debt Twain owed his wife's good sense in vetoing his genuine crudities, his misplaced enthusiasms and exasperations. Most of all, we begin to sense the enormous debt Twain owed, owed knowingly and gratefully, to Howells' patient counseling. "I owe as much to your training as the rude country job printer owes to the city boss who takes him in hand & teaches him the right way to handle his art."

Life, as Melville wrote, seldom has the symmetry of fiction, and these letters end rather flatly with one of no great significance from Howells to Twain, just before Twain's return from Bermuda to die. But the editors appropriately conclude with a passage from Howells' moving tribute, *My Mark Twain*, written in deep grief in the months following the death of his great friend and of his own wife — a tribute Howells had promised himself years before when he wrote Twain, "I want to get a chance somehow to write a paper about you, and set myself before posterity as a friend who valued you aright in your own time."

Those Who Murder

A STUDY OF MURDER. By Stuart Palmer. Thomas Y. Crowell Co. 239 pp. $4.95.

THE MIND OF THE MURDERER. By Manfred S. Guttmacher. Farrar, Straus & Cudahy. 244 pp. $4.50.

C. H. Rolph

I FOUND only one slipshod, non-scientific statement in the whole of Dr. Palmer's truly remarkable book: "Chance makes it likely that about one out of ten of the men imprisoned for murder did not actually commit the crime." What on earth is chance doing in a report so methodical, so scrupulously unbiased from beginning to end? Dr. Palmer goes on: "Ten to twelve per cent of selected groups of individuals in the United States who have been executed or imprisoned for life in recent years have later been found to be innocent." This is better, though it is a staggering statement. This, at least, is why such a survey must be welcomed by criminologists the world over — this, and the stubborn survival of the death penalty in countries where men are free to make their own laws.

Dr. Palmer sets out to prove no the-

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ory in this account of his interviews with fifty-one male murderers — and their mothers, whom he rightly expected to know so much and who seem to have talked to him so freely. He *has* a position about the death penalty, which is so exactly my own that I can't forgo the indulgence of quoting it:

> Capital punishment probably does not lead to a decrease in known murder because it is not based on psychologically sound principles. People about to commit murder do not rationally weigh the act against the penalty. On the other hand, some individuals have unconscious drives to place themselves in positions where they will be punished with utmost severity. My feeling is that the major reason for existence of the death penalty is that it allows the more or less law-abiding members of society one violent aggression outlet. The murderers are, in part at least, the products of the society, and they become its scapegoats.

If he had a special interest it was to find out whether there was a connection between severe frustration in infancy and murder committed by grown-ups. His study, carried out in New England from 1956 to 1959, involved the interviewing of a selected number of murderers still young enough when he met them to have living mothers. Since it also necessitated an equal number of non-murderers (a "control group") to compare them with, what better choice could there be than their non-murdering brothers, who had shared the same family atmosphere? The numerous "comparative tables" about these two groups reveal, perhaps, few surprises, and would do some damage to any preconceived theory of causation; but among the few surprises some are memorable and disturbing. What are we going to do, for example, if we can confirm on a larger scale than Dr. Palmer's research that there are dangerous indications in epilepsy, prolonged high fevers, falls on the head, severe corporal punishment, an excess of physical pain, the slow learning of speech, early histories of bedwetting, stuttering, sleepwalking?

Dr. Palmer's experience reinforces recent "prediction tables" and suggests more convincingly than ever before (though he makes no strong claim himself) that a good many potential murderers could be recognized and headed off in early life. He is a very acute and perceptive observer of human beings. And his reporting of these unique interviews achieves a standard of verisimilitude that you would expect only of a tape recorder.

IN *The Mind of the Murderer* Dr. Guttmacher has brought together, in an expanded form, the Isaac Ray Lectures he delivered at the University of Minnesota in 1958 under the auspices of the American Psychiatric Association. For more than twenty-five years he has been Chief Medical Officer to the Supreme Bench of Baltimore; and among the good effects his book may well have is to convince other states at last — and even the United Kingdom — of the value of such an official within the juridical pattern. It's a fair criticism of this book, its title and its publishers to say that only a third of it (Part I) is in fact concerned with "the mind of the murderer." Part II is about "expert testimony" and Part III about "the patient's right to secrecy," and they could have gone into any other collection of Dr. Guttmacher's criminological lectures. For me, though, the fact that they are published at all is ample justification for their appearance between any two covers, and I would expect his invigorating chapters on "experts" of all kinds to attract the most attention — and gratitude.

The presence of the court's own psychiatric expert does away with those "battles of the experts" which disfigure and confuse so many criminal trials, bring forensic psychiatry into popular disrepute and create the situation described by Dr. Guttmacher on page 118:

> More than ten per cent of psychiatrists refuse all courtroom employment, and another twenty per cent refuse employment as partisan experts — they are only willing to testify when cast in the role of neutral adviser to the court. One can, of course, smugly assert that that still leaves seventy per cent of the nation's psychiatrists to draw upon and that is more than enough. The truth of the matter is that in this dissenting third are to be found most of the leaders of American psychiatry.

Even so, Dr. Guttmacher himself can quote cases like that of an aged clothing merchant who had been struck with the butt of a revolver while measuring his assailant's waistline and could recall that his last thought before losing consciousness was that the man was a thirty-six. When the prisoner protested that he was a thirty-two, Dr. Guttmacher was called upon, as a "neutral expert," to make an examination and report to the court. With a clear notion that this was not psychiatry, he demurred, sent for a tailor and stood by while the old man was proved to have been right. But as the author elsewhere remarks, it is an amazing phenomenon that the truth, in legal cases where medical issues are of paramount importance, should be reached (he might have said obscured) by biased partisans noisily developing certain facts and skillfully concealing others, by relying on an esoteric and narrowly restrictive procedural formula, and by leaving the final decision to twelve bewildered laymen.

LETTER from CHICAGO

Jean Martin

CELEBRATED visitors to Chicago frequently get themselves quoted in its newspapers, somewhat petulantly, to the effect that although they have heard there is a renaissance going on here, they haven't seen it. Now, a renaissance is a difficult thing to pinpoint for a tourist, especially while you are right in the middle of it (probably nobody in fourteenth-century Italy consciously thought of himself as living during a renaissance), but some small offshoots do make themselves apparent. Even Norman Mailer, in town for a reading-and-advertisement-for-himself graciously tagged Chicago a "hip town." Then, eager to provoke an audience discussion of "hipness" for which he had apparently come equipped with manufactured bons mots, he was dismayed to find that a Chicago audience wouldn't play ball. Chicago likes its ideas before the edges have been rubbed off. The city does not go for the posh, the polished, the professional. It leaves all that to New York. Chicago likes to start things, to rough them out approximately; it likes the actual moment of creation, the "becoming" rather than the "being."

For that reason it is especially difficult to take something in "the Chicago style" and transport it intact to the national scene. Garroway wandering

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around aimlessly on the old "Tonight" show was Chicago; when he tried to take this same casual intimacy and consciously embed it in the massive background of New York TV, "the Chicago style" flew out the window. Kukla, Fran and Ollie were not so much ploughed under by national television as made to seem like a small candle alongside a battery of klieg lights. But the spark of creative energy in its purest, most rudimentary form which they captured and which is the true "Chicago style" cannot be extinguished except by *polishing* it out of existence.

Granted this kind of intimate, sharp, crude vision, the Chicago scene is an ideal one for raising up small, neat, scalpel-like talents, and one branch of the Chicago renaissance has been the flowering of the Chicago comedians. Just at a time when many people were beginning to wonder where, if anywhere, the new comics would come from (after all, the old favorites had been around a long time, including Mr. Jack Benny of Waukegan who has done as masterful a job as possible of transferring intimate Chicago humor to the big-time), Chicago has turned out in quick succession such talented recruits as Mike Nichols and Elaine May, Shelley Berman, Jean Shepherd, Abrogast, Shel Silverstein and Bob Newhart. But the newest and brightest manifestation of the Chicago comedy renaissance is a vibrant troupe of young comedians who have pooled their talents at a Chicago coffeehouse-night club called The Second City and who, with their joint, anonymous and skillful comedy creations, constitute a kind of Skidmore, Owings and Merrill of satire.

TRUE to the Chicago tradition there is nothing spectacular about The Second City, but neither is there anything quite like it in the entertainment world. It is a place where intellectuals go to get kidded by other intellectuals, where in a bowling-and-beer society it is not considered effete to be able to think sharply and express yourself with finesse, where the big sport is joshing phonies. The Second City (the name is wryly taken from A. J. Liebling's patronizing *New Yorker* profile of Chicago) is located in a made-over Chicago laundry on North Wells Street in the arty section called Old Town. Decorated with discarded phone-booth doors painted black, chi-chi San Francisco round-globe lighting fixtures, and a red-velvet, jewel-box curtain, The Second City looks like the toy stage-set of a night club, but serves up espresso and satire to a minority-interest audience which comes in majority numbers to see—well not exactly a review (there's not enough music to call it that, although there is some)—but a kind of playing around with ideas, often improvised out of audience suggestions. Sometimes the theme is classic as in "What Happened to the Centaurs?" where a bearded boy-centaur (an irresistible variation of the old lovable two-man stage-horse) appears and pleads with an invisible adversary, "But please, sir, if you could just wait a minute. I know she will be here in a minute." But his adversary cannot wait, and when at last a girl-centaur gallops onstage and asks the characteristically feminine question, "Am I late?" the boy-centaur answers with some asperity, "Yes... Noah sailed without us." Sometimes, however, the theme is contemporary as in "The Many Faces of Richard Nixon," in which ideal wife Pat one morning forgets to give Dick his public face before sending him off to work. Finding himself faceless on the street, Dick rushes back and frenziedly tries on his old public faces, "No, no, that's my Russian super-market face... no, no, that's my South American face, it's a little smashed on one side...." He finally settles for his new, liberal face which, when he gets out on the street, causes passersby to mistake him for Senator Kennedy. In another, Senator Harry Byrd, anxious to preserve the traditions of the Old South, is instructing a troupe of players in the art of putting on a jolly old minstrel show: "You gotta have the blackface, see, and sing a little song about 'How ah loves to plant de cotton all day on de massa's place, and in the evenin' go to the movies and sit in a "special" place...." The Second City skits number dozens and range from the vagaries of Swedish dialogue in Ingmar Bergman movies through the subtleties of a *True Confessions* serial.

While all seven actors collaborate on these satirical sugarplums, often using the daily newspaper as a springboard to ideas, a single taste is needed to hold it all together, and in The Second City the common denominator is thirty-two-year-old director Paul Sills. Sills, who looks like a sulky Teddy Bear, some years ago co-founded the ragtag drama group of University of Chicago actors who called themselves Playwright's Theatre Club and who gave offbeat dramas (very heavy on the Brechtian didactic theory) in a converted chop suey parlor on North LaSalle Street. Playwright's ambitions outstripped its facilities, but it provided training ground for Mike Nichols and Elaine May, Shelley Berman, Zohra Lampert, and by the time it disbanded and re-formed on Chicago's South Side it had evolved into The Compass and had dropped formal drama in favor of acting out ideas, often from on-the-spot audience suggestions. Most of these were esoteric South Side jokes, but The Compass idea was always and everywhere a hit. Sills worked with a Compass group in St. Louis, studied at the Old Vic in England on a Fulbright, learned the night-club business in a Chicago folk-song bistro; then, with Bernard Sahlins and Howard Alk, he regathered the old Compass troupe and opened the present den of satire. Ten minutes before opening night found them frantically painting the last of the phone-booth doors, but from the very beginning The Second City was first rate. For those who knew Playwright's and The Compass it was the gradual evolution of a kind of play-acting in which the actors project ideas rather than emotions, but to others it seemed a crazy dove of comedy out of a clear blue sky.

A SECOND branch of the Chicago renaissance became easily apparent this spring with the First Chicago Invitational Art Exhibit held simultaneously

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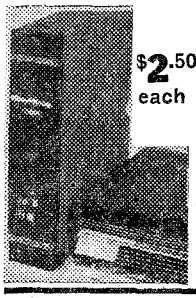
at the Allan Frumkin Gallery, the Superior Street Gallery and the Holland-Goldowsky Gallery. It is the first clear-cut dissection of what is happening in Chicago painting and it turned up a whole herd of cloven-hoofed *fauves*—the beautiful new Chicago Uglies.

The problem of showing Chicago art has always been a ticklish one, and the Art Institute, yearly committed to a showing of local work to the local public (it has certain prize money it must give away) has never successfully solved it. If it chooses a "New York" jury, the little old ladies in the suburban art leagues take umbrage at what the staid Chicago *Tribune* habitually refers to as "so-called modern art." If, however, the jury is conservative, students and local professionals bitterly ridicule the beauty-take-your-hand-off-my-knee realism of the show. If the students take too many of the prizes, the professionals hold mass discussions and demand that student work be banned. If the Institute obliges, the students scream discrimination and organize counter-exhibits. And all of these groups are very, very verbal. One year, in what must have been real despair, the Institute held a No Jury show —just hung everything submitted—but this involved using Navy Pier to show it and subjected the visitor to literally miles of amateur art, some of it unbelievable, like painted tigers behind real bamboo bars, not to mention the Taj Mahal made of sugar cubes.

All this cacophony of hurt feelings had made it almost impossible to know what direction Chicago art was taking until three small galleries joined forces and solved the problem by the simple expedient of not trying to please anyone. Caring not a fig for anything but showing what was going on in Chicago art, they invited whom they pleased (hence First Chicago Invitational) and the results are explosively exciting. Painting in a variety of manners as alike yet different as handwriting, the new Chicago Uglies read like a glossary of the old classic Scottish spooks: (1) the Ghoulies (Schulze, Halkin, Bouras, Berger, etc., who paint dark, weird, fascinatingly ugly things); (2) the Ghosties (Pope, Kahn, Sellenraad, Brorby, etc., who paint eerie, other-worldly scenes); (3) the Long-Legged Beasties (Kokines, Goto, Hunt, etc., who do spidery, angular, creepy creatures); and (4) the Things That Go "Bump" in the Night (Kapsalis, Post, Baum, etc., who paint bits and pieces of interestingly repellent, darkly unspeakable objects). The whole show is hands-down the most illuminating cross section of contemporary Chicago painting yet uncovered and — as the French say — it marches.



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FILMS

Robert Hatch

LESLIE STEVENS has written and directed in Hollywood *Private Property!*, the kind of picture one instantly senses could never be made in Hollywood. Actually it wasn't made there, if by Hollywood you mean the big studios and the great names. It was filmed (filmed with the sharpness of a knife) in the very luxurious house and grounds of its producer, Stanley Colbert, and in a house standing empty next door. And the cast, three men and a woman, has not a neon name on it. Kate Manx, very beautiful but a little too obviously being led through an intricate charade, is Stevens' wife. Corey Allen and Warren Oates, whom I do not recall having seen before, play a couple of psychotic bums with horrifying conviction.

All in all, it is a horrifying film, though not entirely convincing. The idea is that Boots wants a dame, but is too close to being a moron to get one for himself. His dominating buddy, Duke — more dangerously unbalanced but a skillful dissembler — therefore undertakes to snare one for him. Ann, alone in the isolated house all day and with the empty house convenient for a hide-out; Ann, whose lounging pants look painted on and who swims naked in the secluded pool, is designated.

She proves easy, being a naturally friendly girl and being also made a little restive by the fact that her husband is too much engrossed in his successful insurance business to notice that her needs are not all monetary. The pair of animals moves in and before long she is fighting for her sanity and her life.

I'm certain that Mr. Stevens can prove that every episode in the picture is not only possible, but has in fact some time happened. Nevertheless, it all fits together with suspicious neatness, more like a clock than a drama. If a thriller was all that Mr. Stevens had in mind, he has certainly achieved that; I get the impression, though, that he was trying for more.

ANOTHER of the young French directors dealing in "strong" subject matter is Jean-Pierre Mocky. His *The Chasers* is thus "new wave"; it also recalls *Marty* and Federico Fellini's *Vitelloni* (The Big Calves), shown here four years ago.

The story is excellently simple. Two downy young men, one clothed in sophistication and the other quite nakedly inexperienced, devote a summer evening in Paris to chasing girls (this, you might say, is a healthier version of *Private Property!*). Their aim is to find companions for the night, their dream is to find true loves for a lifetime, their fear is that they will pick up professionals — not unlikely, considering the waters in which they fish. They avoid professionals, not because of the money such encounters would cost — they have no money, so that danger is not real — but because the point of their game is to buttress their insecure belief in their own charms: girls must be dazzled, not bought.

The great fun of the picture is to watch these feckless seducers at work. They are as brash and as timid as squirrels, disguising their honest, yearning hearts behind the second-hand techniques of eroticism. They get a great

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many nibbles — I thought a surprising number even for a warm night in Paris— but they land no fish. Or perhaps the Marty of the pair does—at the end he is escorting home a mousy trained nurse whom he and his pal have rescued from a debauch of stunning implausibility (the only really crass sequence in the film) — but he will certainly have to see her father before he sees her bedroom. The knowing youth, however, is beset by the most perverse bad luck: every girl he picks up turns out to be suicidal or lesbian or underage or crippled or sadistic or in the trade. It looked in the end as though the script were toying with him. No tragedy though: he is young enough to try another night, and meanwhile he has had a lot of exercise in the fresh air.

Jacques Charrier plays this part — a slightly Americanized French youth — with a lucid ease and warmth of communication that is impressive in a young actor. His surface mastery of situations he doesn't begin to understand is appealing, and his lechery — quite explicit in places — has a gulping inexperience about it that keeps it sweet. Charles Aznavour, as the eager incompetent, is wildly funny at moments and keeps the necessary pathos uncloying. Like *The Cousins*, this picture reflects what seems to be the new "international" (i.e., American disk jockey) culture of young France.

DESPITE THE JUBILANT press greetings and notwithstanding the presence in the cast of Peter Sellers and Terry-Thomas (also a funny man, though more blatantly so), I found *I'm All Right, Jack* a little slow on the bounce. "Ha," you say, "the man's a liberal — he refuses to admit that a satire on organized labor can be funny." I don't think that's so; in fact, labor seems to me about as ripe for balloon-pricking as any pomposity in our midst. It's just that everyone in the picture works so hard that in the end you get the idea it must be pretty hard work. An opening scene in a nudist colony, neither relevant nor witty, starts matters off on the wrong foot, and after that the plot creaks and labors, the actors visibly holding their sides to contain their scarcely disinterested laughter. Mr. Sellers' dim cockney-come-up-in-the-world is undeniably brilliant, but even he seems impelled to pop his eyes in a way that would not occur to him if he were sure of his material. I wonder if the makers of the picture thought they were being terribly, terribly daring. That would explain the arch giggle I seemed to be hearing.

ART

Maurice Grosser

FIFTY works of modern art, donated by artists, dealers and collectors, were auctioned late last month for the benefit of the Museum of Modern Art's thirtieth-anniversary fund. This sale, at the Parke-Bernet Galleries in New York, was easily the most brilliant event of the season. The audience was made up of all the prominent figures in selling, collecting and curating modern art. The Mayor, Mr. Wagner himself, was there, and the ceremony was introduced by Mrs. John D. Rockefeller III. The multiple Leicas of some fifteen press photographers flashed incessantly to record it, while the crews of two television cameras transmitted the scene by closed circuit to bidders in Dallas, Chicago and Los Angeles. The bidding, in behalf of a respected cause, was brisk and cheerful. The ladies' hats, like large, tight bouquets of fresh spring flowers, were wonderful, and the auctioneer, Mr. Louis Marion, in front of a pink curtain and lit by rosy spots, was the best of television entertainment.

The works being auctioned had been selected by Alfred Barr, Jr., director of the museum's collections, from those offered to the museum for the occasion. Apart from two Cézannes and three Renoirs, they were all by the names in modern art, from Braque and Picasso to Soulage and Mathieu, which are the museum's special province. The over-all quality of the collection was disappointing. In fact, there were only two pieces of first quality among the entire fifty. The finest, given by Governor Nelson Rockefeller, was a quite wonderful Braque *Violin* in the high Cubist manner of 1913; the other a Picasso pastel, one of the best, depicting, in his 1920 "Classical" style with daring and skillful distortions, a pair of meditative and affectionate female nudes. Of the two Cézannes, the more important — a characteristic still life with wall paper, apples and crumpled napkin — is one of his more heavy-handed pieces, while the other — three small dead birds on a brick-red cloth — is a minor work and unappealing. As for the three Renoirs, only one has any pictorial quality, and that — a late painting of a large fat servant — is singularly unattractive. The Juan Gris is characteristic but not his best, and there are better Pascins. Morandi and Dubuffet were represented by good examples of their work — of the first a sparse *Vase of Flowers* and of the other a *Jazz Band*. There was a charming and

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somewhat posterish Tamayo of a night sky with moon and hills and constellation of stars; an important Miro; a Gorki, thin but with pretty color. Apart from these, almost everything was either unimportant snips or, in my opinion, decidedly second rate.

Nevertheless, the auction netted the museum almost $900,000. The highest prices were paid for the Cézanne still life — $200,000 — and for the Braque *Violin* which brought $145,000. ("That's not a price," said Mr. Marion, the auctioneer. "You can't stop there. Think how much nicer to be able to say 'That picture cost me $150,000!'") The large Renoir went for $31,000, which I understand is something less than the usual market price for a Renoir of that size, and the Picasso pastel brought in $32,000. The bidding for one of the works—a large energetic criss-crossing of black paint on a brown ground by Hartung — was stopped by a precisionist in the audience who protested that it was displayed upside down. The bidding was resumed and the picture, still upside down, went for $11,000; a pair of negligible Matisse paper cut-outs went as one of the cheapest lots for $2,600.

THE prices, I am given to understand by dealer friends, were not exaggerated: slightly higher than the market, perhaps, on some of the smaller pieces, and lower than expected on some of the more important ones, but roughly comparable to what the works would have cost from a dealer. They seem, none the less, for the most part astonishingly out of scale with the pieces' real value as works of art, and are more than a little shocking to one like myself, not a dealer or collector, but a painter, accustomed to evaluate a work on its own qualities rather than on the publicity rating of the painter's name. It almost seemed — as it has seemed before — that the buyers were collecting signatures rather than pictures.

Just the same, such prices are standard for work, even indifferent work, by famous-name painters of today. There are several reasons for it. To begin with, and contrary to received opinion, successful contemporary painters have always brought higher prices than old masters — except those few outstanding masterpieces from the past which only rarely turn up in the market. In any given period, contemporary work is more in demand. Naturally enough; we would find it on the whole more cheerful to live with a Matisse, say, than with a Rembrandt. And if we are astonished at the prices commanded by Braque or Picasso, remember the prices brought by Bougereau or Meissonier in the nineties and by Sargent and Lazlo in the years before the wars. And high prices for pictures that have worn better than these were also normal. In the sale of Degas' collection, which took place in 1918 in Paris under bombardment by the German guns — certainly not the most favorable background for a public auction — a small Cézanne of two green apples brought $2,000, a tiny *Bathers* $5,000 and a Manet $10,000.

However, another factor operates today to inflate the picture market. Under our income tax regulations, a deduction (up to 30 per cent of taxable income) is allowed for donations to schools, hospitals or charities. In this context, a museum counts as a charitable institution, and if it accepts a work of art, the work's money value can be listed by the donor as a tax deduction. The money value of a picture is at the best a guess, depending on highly subjective estimates of what it would bring if sold on the public market. It is to the donor's advantage — and not to the disadvantage of the museum — to assess the value of his gift as high as possible. All of this tends to jack up the prices of pictures, particularly of pictures by famous names, which are, of course, what a museum will most willingly accept.

Up to a few years ago it was possible for a donor to announce his intention to give a picture to a museum, take its value off his income tax, and still remain in possession of the picture during his lifetime. This is no longer possible, though even now a museum may, after taking title to the picture, allow it to remain on loan at the donor's house. As a result, the market has for a number of years been ransacked for pictures acceptable to a museum, and sufficiently high in price to make the troublesome operation worth while. It is principally this which has been responsible for the astronomical prices museum-type pictures have now attained.

NONE of this applies directly to the recent auction. There the deductible value of the works contributed was not based on fanciful estimate, but on the exact amount each picture brought when sold. The high market was, of course, already established, but the buyers, whatever their good will toward the museum, had no inducement to raise it higher. Furthermore, the pictures were offered to the museum for sale in auction, not to hang in its collections. With this in mind, it could accept works of lower artistic merit than commonly appear in its galleries as representative of modern art. This goes far to explain the group's low quality.

That was not the museum's fault. The auction was announced; works were given; all the museum could do was to select the best. One remembers in this connection the Parisian doctor who was also a collector and whose collection was sharply divided into two categories. On the one hand were the excellent pictures he had bought himself. On the other were mediocre ones given him, in return for professional services, by his painter patients.

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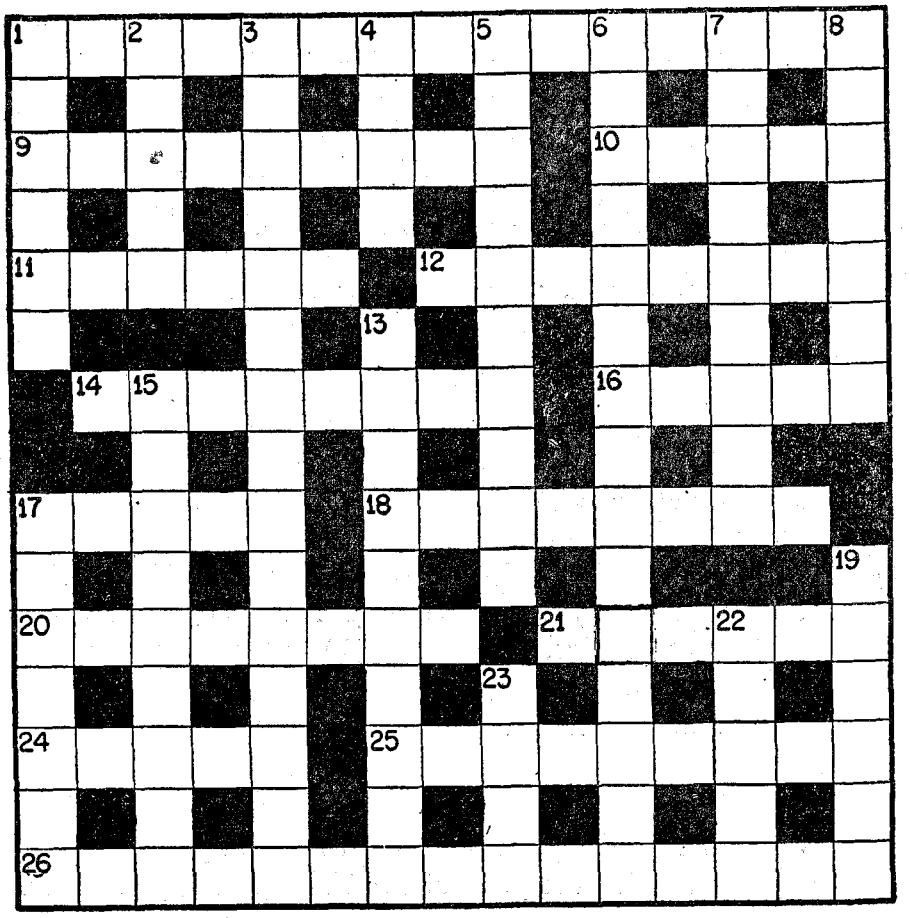

ACROSS:

1 Whatever happened to Edward Bok? (Taking aim can zero it, in a different environment.) (15)
9 Give the people it belongs to good cheer at first, for it entitles them to something! (9)
10 See 21
11 War-time-colonels in the air service? (6)
12 Hence this shadow in Macbeth! (8)
14 Timely things might arrive on it. (8)
16 Do the ones of glory have grave consequence? (5)
17 The home of the Rhyme of the Ancient Mariner? (5)
18 What a muddy shoe leaves in the vestibule might be official. (8)
20 All but one might be taken on board. (8)
21 and 10 BCD* (Confused with what it does to your ribs?) (11)
24 What one might do with the cue missing (2, 3)
25 Where one's carriage is left shaken by the ague so? (9)
26 Fair game in the cloak room at Ruby Foo's? (7, 8)

DOWN:

1 It's a rare old bird to be climbing inside one cell, if given life. (6)
2 It's not necessarily the caliber of the bore that causes it. (5)
3 Sans reproche? (15)
4 What's the trouble with Bach Etudes, anyway? (4)
5 Certainly not in the manner of the 3. (10)
6 Attributing to the gods the shape we find ourselves in? (15)
7 Layers coming out of it were not unnecessarily exposed. (9)
8 But these, in the Old West, were not real layers. (7)
13 Native Australian Federation? (4, 6)
15 Louie Chan — who might check the 26? (4, 2-3)
17 Zounds! It is! (7)
19 Are these trees like some swans? (6)
22 Purpose to which the writing of 17 across might be put? It's wrong! (5)
23 Might cause a scratch, but it probably doesn't show! (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 866

ACROSS: 1 Codicil; 5 Warpath; 9 Adipose; 10 Emperor; 12 Hottentot; 15 Dashing; 20 Pie; 21 Stetson; 23, 11, 18 across and 14 Chipping sparrows; 26 and 24 Lily of the Valley; 28 Inane; 29 Enounce; 30 Doubled; 31 Sisters; 32 Relayed. DOWN: 1 Clamps; 2 Deigns; 3 Crossbows; 4 Leeches; 5 Wrested; 6 Rupee; 7 Airstrip; 8 Heritage; 13 and 17 Catnip; 16 Spiritual; 18 Psalters; 19 Realtors; 22 Nutmegs; 23 Cheddar; 25 Seeded; 27 Ounce.

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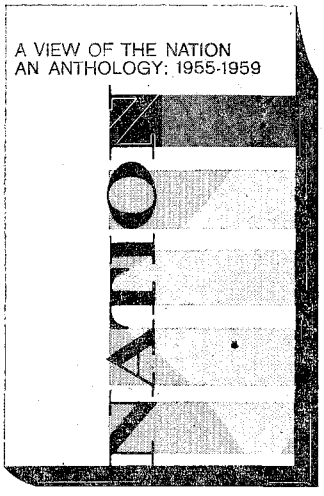

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